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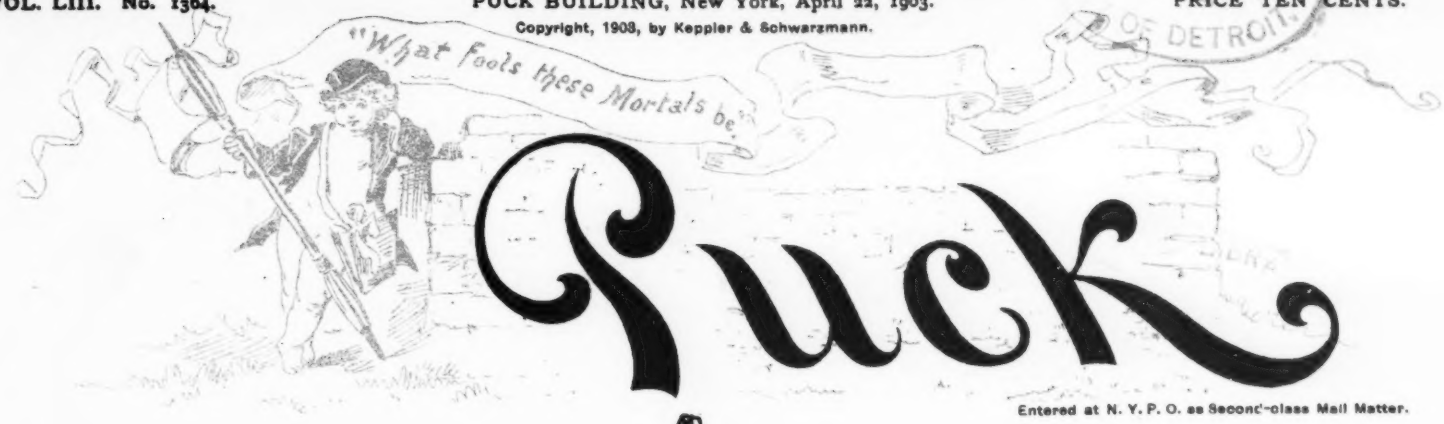

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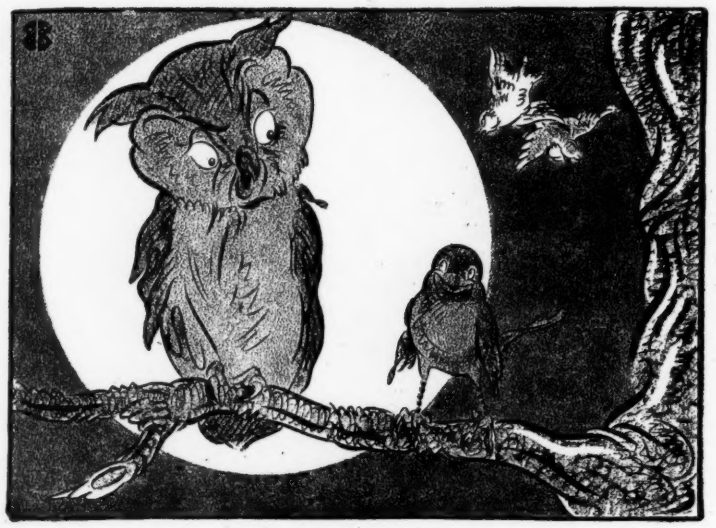
THE ALLIES.

RUSSIAN BEAR.—Don't be afraid! I won't drop you!
FRANCE.—That 's what scares me!



AN INSINUATION.

"Do you think ignorance is bliss, Mr. Owl?"

"Do I think so?"

"Yes. I thought you were just about wise enough to know!"

AN UNSUCCESSFUL WOOING.

SPRING SAT in the lap of Winter.

Spring shivered.

"What 's the matter?" said Father Time, who was passing by.

"I 'm c-c-cold!" said Spring. "This old chap here is bound to woo me. Talk about the proverbial coldness of the Boston girl—why, it 's nothing to this old fellow's caresses! Every time he looks at me he sends a chill through my heart."

"Here," said Father Time, "take this pussy willow and comb his hair with it."

"What will that do?" asked Spring.

"Oh!" said Father Time, "it may warm the old fellow's heart. I 'll be back in a moment."

So Spring combed the hoary locks of Old Winter with the pussy willow.

And yet her lips were blue. Her old lover leered at her, and as he kissed her cheek he left a frostmark behind him. Still it seemed as if the pussy willow had made him less eager.

Spring noticed it and called again to Father Time.

"Have n't you anything more to give me?" she asked.

"Surely!" said Time. "Here, try a crocus."

Spring took the beautiful fresh crocus and held it up to her fierce old lover. He sniffed its fragrance unconsciously.

"Here," said Time, "now 's your chance. Try this."

And he handed Spring a bunch of narcissus.

"And try this."

He tossed her a hyacinth.

"And this."

And he threw her some early daffodils.

Spring laughed in glee. Her color came back. She sprang joyfully off her helpless lover's knee.

"Look!" she said. "Thanks to you, Father Time, I am free!"

And it was even so.

Old Winter had fallen asleep at last.

Tom Masson.

FORCE OF HABIT.

THE CONGRESSMAN *(confidentially)*.—In a few weeks from now I am going to launch a presidential boom that will astonish the natives.

THE WINE AGENT *(absently)*.—Say, old man, have my wine used at the launching and fifty cases are yours!

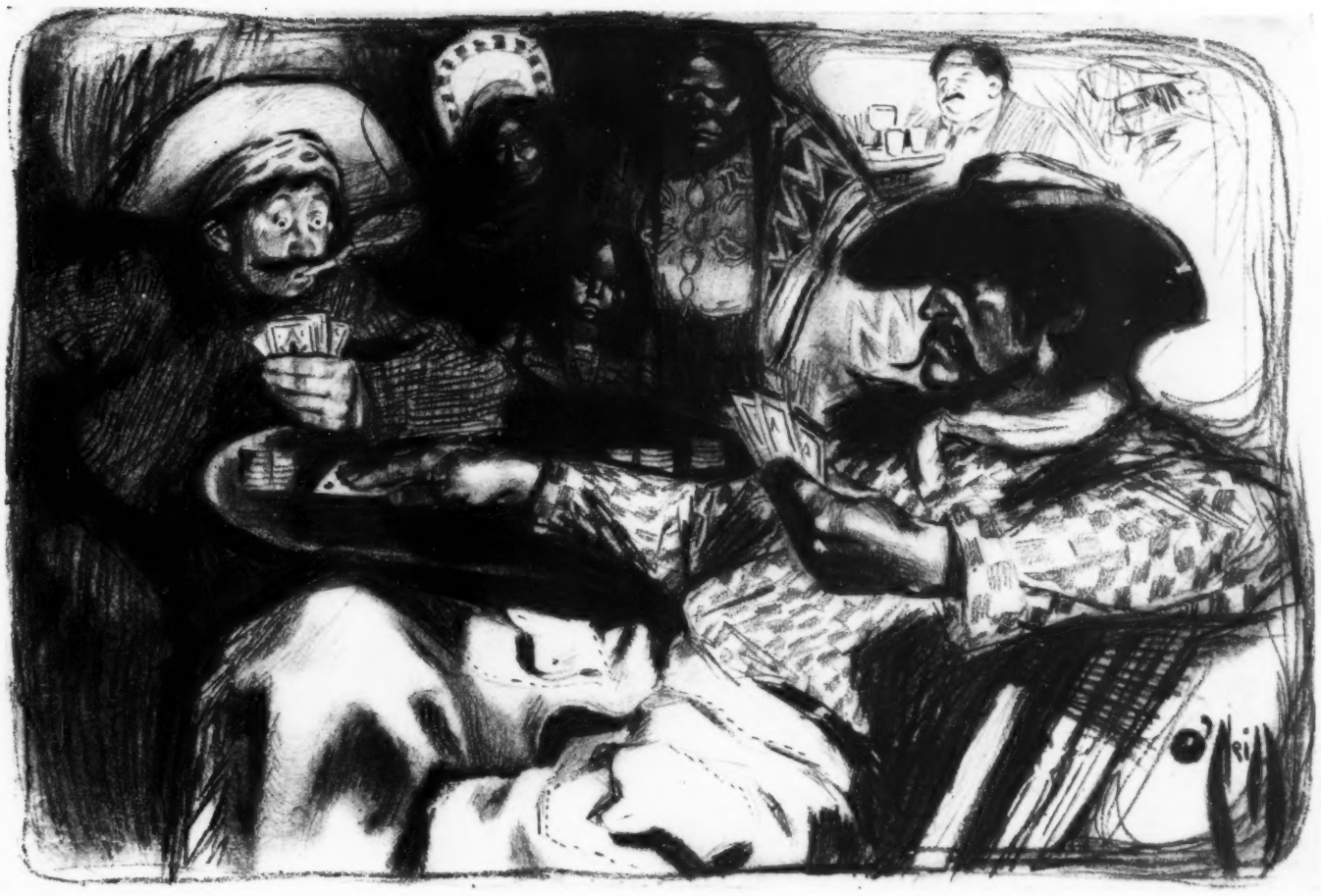
TWENTY MINUTES on the bench will make a man "Judge" for life, but it won't make him a jurist.

HE REMONSTRATES.

SHE.—I wish I could play golf well, but I am not at all clever.

HE.—Don't be unreasonable! You can't expect to play as well as you look

Bachelor girls have the satisfaction of knowing that they are always self-possessed, though many of them would be willing to make a transfer of title.



THE BEST THEY COULD DO.

BRONCO BILL.—So Congressman Bigyapp come back frum Washington an' wanted ter run ag'in. Did yer give him a chance?

GRIZZLY PETE.—We did;—an' give him a start uv two hundred yards, too!

MY CULPRIT HEART.

IF POLLY lets her lashes fall
And droops her eyes with growing scorn,
Nor deigns to look on me at all,—
As Polly chose to do this morn,—
My chiding mood I quick relent,
I'd fain each jealous word recall,
For, ah! I grow so penitent
As Polly lets her lashes fall.

I feel that I should punished be
For making Polly's heart to hurt;
Although, between just you and me,
She *did* encourage Jack to flirt!
My heart so quick is to repent,
It bares itself to scourgings all,
And deems it righteous punishment
When Polly lets her lashes fall!

Roy Farrell Greene.

AN ACQUIRED HABIT

MRS. GRAMERCY.—Do you think it was an intentional slight on the part of Mrs. Newrich?

MRS. PARK.—Why, no, my dear. She has n't been a lady long enough to know how to be rude.

HIS MULTITUDINOUS MALADIES.

FARMER HONK.—I was readin', last night, that humanity is afflicted with 1,212 different diseases.

FARMER BENTOVER.—Yes; and my son, Amzi, has all twelve hundred and twelve of 'em in one day, along in the Spring, when the fishin' is good over in Pegram's pond.

IN CHICAGO.

SMALL BOY.—Johnny Porkchops is the teacher's favorite.

HIS MOTHER.—What do you mean?

SMALL BOY.—Why, she always asks him easy questions that everybody knows, like "What was the population of Chicago according to the last census?"

COLD TO HIM.

OBADIAH OLDBEAU.—Who might the haughty peach be, Hez?

HEZEKIAH SMERKER.—A peach, is she? Then, by my soul, the peach crop was touched by frost that year!

SOME INTERESTING INFORMATION.

WHILE THE reading public has recently been favored with a great many anecdotes concerning its leading literary lights, still there seem to be some facts that are being concealed, or, at least, withheld. This may be an innocent and unintentional omission on the part of those who purvey to an edified populace information about literary folk.

We do not accuse. But we *do* hasten in our humble way to rectify this negligence; at once, instanter and forthwith.

Miss Geraldine McGuff, the sixteen-year old authoress of that immensely popular historical romance, "Sudden Death," always eats her oysters with a fork and without swallowing the shells. Miss McGuff does not wish to be considered freakish or peculiar in this respect, as the habit is entirely natural to her and she has been so constituted since her earliest days.

Miss McGuff never takes cream with her mixed pickles. She sometimes takes cream with her strawberries, but never with her mixed pickles. As occasion requires, she brushes her hair. She sheds tears when sufficiently sorrowful, and smiles when she is gay. Sometimes, when contemplating the wonderful success of her immensely popular historical romance, "Sudden Death," she has been known to laugh.

Authors of not quite so immensely popular historical romances are prone to hint that in such instances her cachinnation is of that variety or species commonly designated as the "horse laugh."

The genial author of that charmingly quaint story of New England rural life, "Stewed Prunes; or, The Pie that Father Used to Make," is indeed a remarkable man. He invariably sleeps upon his back, or upon his right or left side, only varying these positions to recline upon the pit of his stomach. This may seem strange to those who are accustomed to repose in a sitting or standing posture; but Jeems Peleg Bilkins, the genial author in question, assures his readers that the custom is an excellent one. Indeed, it is largely to this habit that he attributes the success of his charmingly quaint story of New England rural life, "Stewed Prunes; or, The Pie that Father Used to Make."

Mr. Bilkins was recently caught in a rainstorm without an umbrella; that is, Mr. Bilkins was without the umbrella; and he observed that he got wet, just the same as any ordinary person. Mr. Bilkins was greatly amused by this experience. He wonders, should he ever visit New York, if he would be "gold-bricked."

Authors of other charmingly quaint stories of New England rural life are inclined to think not. They claim that a man is hardly likely to be taken in at his own game.

Mr. Tooth Barkington, the brilliant young Western writer of the realistic school, is a constant source of alarm to his admiring friends. He is constantly being bitten by dogs, kicked by mules, elected to the legislature, or engaging himself in some equally hazardous enterprise, for Mr. Barkington believes that to correctly portray an event an author must undergo an actual experience of a like kind.

Mr. Barkington's personal habits are interesting in the extreme. He eats from time to time; that is, he partakes of food. He always wears a collar at a social function and is seldom seen in public without shoes. Mr. Barkington is a great believer in "local color."

His "Forty Thieves" was written in St. Louis; and his "Sleeping Beauty" came into being in the tranquil atmosphere of the City of Brotherly Love. Mr. Barkington's forthcoming novel is to be entitled "The Old Man of the Sea," and the local color for this interesting story will be gathered in Lincoln, Neb.

Tooth Barkington is happily married to one wife. Mrs. Barkington thinks her husband the foremost living author and the latter is a firm believer in the sound literary judgment of his spouse.

The Barkingtons have no children, but since Mr. Barkington's rapid rise to fame the edition of their uncles, aunts, mothers-in-law, grandfathers and cousins, more or less removed, has run into the 200th thousand.

Will S. Adkins.

AN EXPERT.

GLADYS *(in the hallway)*.—Oh! He 's an awful jollier!

MAUD.—Dat 's right. He 'll make her b'lieve dat it 's *her* what 's de attraction an' not de umbreller!

A RAY OF HOPE.

MISTAH MUNSON.—Ef I on'y had moah nerve, Miss Lucy! Dey say dat none but de brave deserve de fair.

MISS LUCY.—Wal, in dat case, Mistah Munson, de only chance fo' yo' am dat *some* folks git what dey doan' deserve.

Some skeptics would have us believe that the existence of fools proves that there is no Fool Killer. They are wrong; it merely proves that there are not enough fool killers to go around.

UNFORTUNATELY.

MRS. HUBSON.—I 'm writing to Mrs. Newbride. I 'm afraid she is n't very happy.
MR. HUBSON.—No? Well, marriage, which ought to make two one, sometimes results in sixes and sevens.

THE ARMY CALLS.

OF ALL of the calls they beat
From sun in the East to West
I 'll tell you the call that called
Whose calling I liked the best.

The reveille call was brisk,
Undoubtedly full of zest,
And yet the reveille I
Undoubtedly did n't like best.

It beat and clamored and blew
And routed me out of my nest,
And honestly, soothly and true,
I did n't like reveille best.

The drill call I never would call
A call to the fancy addressed,
I did n't like drill call at all,
The drill call I did n't like best.

A flute in the twilight is sweet,
A song on the water is clear,
And mess call about meal time
Is certainly fine to hear.

But sometimes the drill call goes,
And a rain blows out of the West,
And of all of the calls that call
I liked me the recall best.

Williston Fish.

YOUTH AND AGE.

"Of course," sneered the youth, sarcastically, "you think you know what 's what!"

"No," replied the gray old father, with fitting humility; "I simply know what used to be what when I was a boy."

FROM THE "POLKVILLE" PALLADIUM.

Burglars entered our home night before last. To the everlasting shame of the community, for whose welfare we have labored during eight and twenty years, be it said they got nothing.

IT MAY be foolish to struggle against the inevitable, but we all have more or less admiration for the man who refuses to let it knock him out in the first round.

COMPLEXION.

She 's a blonde of the genus peroxide.
Foolish. If I had her rocks, I 'd
Let my hair glint
With its natural tint,
Though 't were that of a frazzled old fox-hide.

IN THE LAND OF THE FREE.

JASON MASON.—There goes that city preacher who 's thinkin' uv acceptin' a call here. His church in the city wuz boycotted.

HIRAM HUSKINBY.—What? Great Gosh! A *church* boycotted? What fer?

JASON MASON.—Yew see, the street-railway strikers darn near killed a non-union feller, an' that thoughtless preacher went an' comforted the poor chap durin' his last hours!

GOSSIP FROM THE SOUTHERN GOLF BELT.

"I understand your golf club is in financial difficulties."

"Yes; — there 's only one rich girl in it and forty penniless men who insist on playing with her!"

If the people who give advice would take other people's advice they would give less.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

EUROPE'S QUIET GAME.

"IT'S 'YOUR LEAD"—that courteous platitude of the card table—is once more audible in European conversation. Tally cards are out, the trump has been turned in the Balkans, the players have scanned their hands; but the game is not yet. Among the partners there is missing that *esprit de corps*, so necessary to successful trick taking. France has signaled that, if it is all the same to Russia, Russia had better play the hand alone. No "partner's best," however, is seen coming from Monsieur's corner. Germany edges amiably in Russia's direction, envious, perhaps, because several high trumps have been seen in Russia's grasp; while Austria, confident of a point or two if Russia wins, smiles coyly at the Czar from across the board and frowns darkly upon Italy and Germany, hitherto her favored partners. In truth, there is enough discord here for even a charity euchre—which the European contest decidedly is *not*—but, to make matters worse, England shows an inclination to sulk, while France, before a card is tabled, mutters something about "excusing" and "engagements elsewhere." Altogether, from the looks of things, a readjustment of partners must inevitably take place before play can proceed. Which is an unfortunate circumstance, because the prizes, donated by Turkey, are both "numerous and costly," being made of the finest Macedonian and Albanian ware, such as would well grace the home of any of the contestants. A very valuable piece of Bosphoric ware is also among the prizes, and in case no amicable game can be arranged with the other powers, Russia, it is rumored, will play progressive solitaire for it.

FRIENDS INDEED, BUT NOT IN NEED.

TO THAT humane doctrine, "the Tariff should be revised by its friends," Secretary Root has publicly subscribed. The head of the War Department, like many other sterling men and staunch, is opposed to revision on any other terms. He has said so unmistakably, but beyond a general reference, he has failed to describe "the friends." In this respect, Mr. Root is as lax as his predecessors. Who are "the friends," who "in due time and with due regard for the best interests of all the people, can safely be trusted" to revise the Dingley schedules? Indefinitely, it seems, have we waited for an answer. Friends, in the Tariff sense, are well nigh as modest in regard to their identity, as the beneficent "friend" of the church subscription list, or those who sign themselves "Cash." There is no need of this mystery. Gradually, "friends" are becoming known, despite their retiring dispositions. The friends of the present high tariff are those who profit by it. Obviously, then, when we say, "the Tariff must be revised by its friends," we mean it must be revised by those to whom it is profitable. Incidentally, in the current agitation, to revise means simply to reduce. Hence, when the Tariff is revised by its friends, certain philanthropists will have, knowingly and intentionally, cut off a portion of their income, out of pure love for the humble consumer. Every schedule in the Dingley Tariff law serves as a shelter for some tried and sincere "friend." They were "friends" who checked justice to Cuba. "Friends" killed the Philippine Tariff bill. "Friends" prevented Reciprocity, the Republican plan of Blaine and McKinley. Therefore, to anticipate a friendly reduction of existing rates is to expect trust magnates to throw dividends in the street. Neither expectation is apt to be met. When labor unions clamor for a twelve-hour day, when clerks apply persistently for smaller salaries, when water runs up hill and Bryan no longer runs down Cleveland, then—and not till then—may we look to the "friends" of the Tariff to revise it. We would like to hear, in future, from the Tariff's *bowing acquaintances*.

MINING FOR MEAT.

MOTHER EARTH is, indeed, a good provider. For years she has given us our coal and our metals, but who suspected she had corned beef in store for us? This, her latest offering, was certainly not anticipated. Found in a mine—a mine of meat, we are credibly informed—its discovery took place in the Yellowstone region; cattle of the Triocene period, buried there, presumably, by an avalanche, having gradually converted themselves into corned beef, with the aid of obliging saline deposits. Though not yet so plentiful as to seriously alarm the Beef Trust, the prehistoric article is already said to be syndicated by capitalists, who will put it on the market. Thus does Mother Earth convey a subtle hint. If, henceforth, we can mine corned beef, the same as we do coal or copper, why should our search be vain for pickled lambs' tongue or pigs' feet mines? Surely, the genial saline deposits, which did so much for Triocene beef, a similar service must have performed for Triocene lamb and pork. At any rate there is a plausibility about the idea which fascinates; so, happily and hopefully, let us dig; and if we dig deep enough, even deviled ham may figure in our finds. This, be it understood, is no task for sordid tradesmen alone. Far from it. It is a work as well for learned antiquarians. Who can tell, for instance, at what moment, by our pick or steam drill, choice Ichthyosaurus chops or Pterodactyl cutlets will be deftly disclosed? With a peculiar interest, therefore, will we watch the corned beef miners at their daily toil. They are pioneers of a coming industry, and John Mitchell, any day, may formally incorporate them in the United Mine Workers. Let us urge, in behalf of the public, however, that all differences in the Corned Beef Collieries be submitted to wise arbitration.

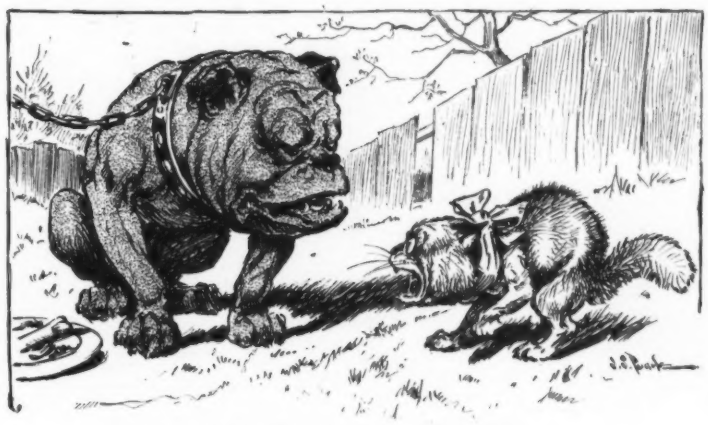
MATIN SONG.

SING A song of sawdust, a kettle full of bran;
Forty thousand mixtures to feed the modern man;
Millet, wheat and middlings, cattle feed galore,
And many other dainty things we never ate before.
Barley in the coffee pot, does n't that seem funny?
"Grapeshot" for our brain cells, "Fierce" to make us sunny,
"Mama's Rye" to boost our nerves, "Shaker Oats" for muscle,
Hay and straw and fodder raw to aid us in life's tussle.

John Carle Anderson.

A DEFINITION.

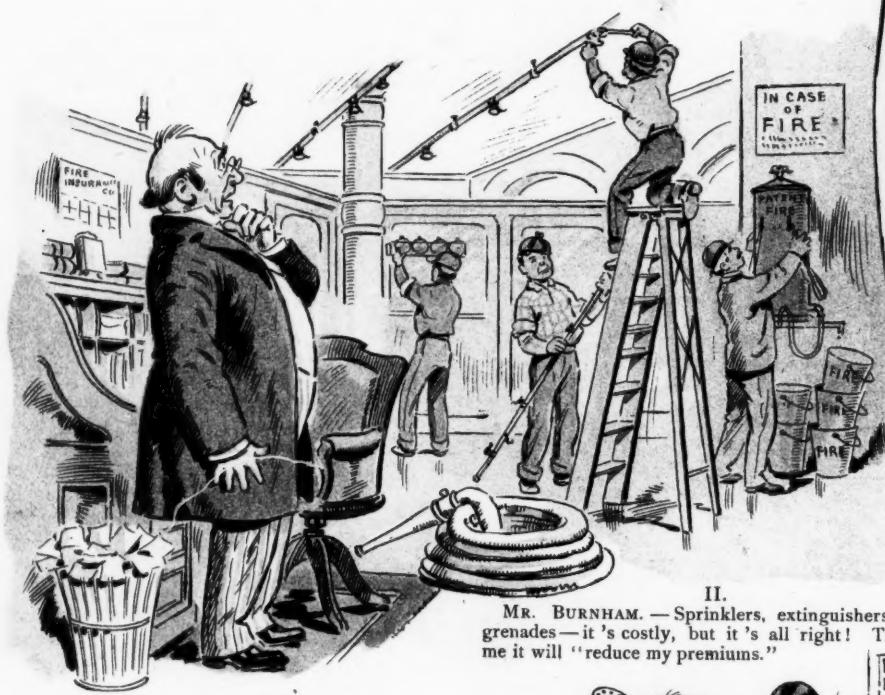
"Pa!"
"Uh?"
"Pa, what is a Populist?"
"A Populist, my son, is an eccentric and bewhiskered individual, now largely extinct, who believed in burning down 16 barns to destroy 1 rat."



DURING THE CONTROVERSY.

"You ugly brute!"
"Well, may be I am, Pussy, but you 're not half as pretty now as you are sometimes!"

I.
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT. — Mr. Burnham, these hand grenades have been endorsed by the underwriters. Secure a full supply or your rates will be increased.



II.
MR. BURNHAM. — Sprinklers, extinguishers, hand grenades — it 's costly, but it 's all right! They tell me it will "reduce my premiums."

III.
Other means of "reducing his premiums."

VII.
AXIOM FOR DIRECTOR
The smaller the risk, the grea
dends, and policy holders pay de

VALUE OF STOCK OF SOME OF THE NEW Y
COMPANIES, DIVIDENDS PAID AND INCR

NAME	CAPITAL	ANNUAL DIVIDEND
WESTCHESTER	$300,000.00	16%
WILLIAMSBURGH	250,000.00	24%
CONTINENTAL	1,000,000.00	25%
GERMAN AMERICAN	1,000,000.00	30%
GLENS FALLS	200,000.00	50%

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

"GOOD" OR "BAD" TRUST. — IN WHICH CLASS DO

IV.
His treble force of watchmen comes high; but, of course, it "reduces the premiums."

V.
MR. BURNHAM *(on receiving his bill)*.—Great Scott! After paying for all this protection—"to reduce premiums," the company said—they 've doubled my rates.

VI.
Future view of Mr. Burnham's office, if this "premium reduction" continues.

VII.
AXIOM FOR DIRECTORS.
aller the risk, the greater the divi-
policy holders pay dearly for both.

E OF THE NEW YORK FIRE INSURANCE
S PAID AND INCREASE IN SURPLUS.

TAL	ANNUAL DIVIDEND	INCREASE SURPLUS 10 YRS.	MARKET VALUE STOCK
000.00	16%	$760,082.00	400
000.00	24%	494,821.00	601
000.00	25%	3,115,463.00	680
000.00	30%	2,236,221.00	725
000.00	50%	1,011,744.00	1400

CLASS DOES THE FIRE INSURANCE TRUST BELONG?

The Quest of Arbutus

Oh! What a day to botanize!
More rare than rarest June days:
As brisk as winds in Wintry skies,
As bright as Summer noondays.
We 'll take the woodland path—alone;
No great mind to dispute us,
To chat and find May's dearest own,
The coy, the sweet arbutus.

Two years ago her governess
Our every move debated;
Now *she* wears woman's loveliness,
And *I* 've been graduated!
But skirting still the Rubicon,
To-day—ere cares transmute us—
We 'll be just boy and girl upon
The trail of the arbutus.

Ah! Cupid, you? *You* want to go?
I 'll have to ask the lady:
She may say *Yes*, she may say *No*,—
She 's heard your ways are shady.
You 'll take your bow? It is n't best!
Your darts? It would n't suit us!
Ours is a *scientific* quest,
We go to seek arbutus.

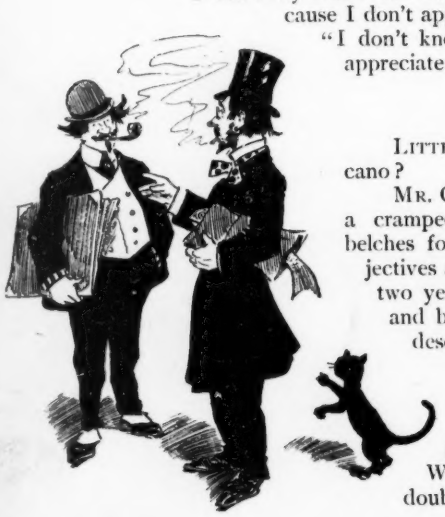
You said—? Don't ask her! By St. Paul!
You rogue, I ought to flee you!
I 'll risk it, though. Come!—bow—darts—all,
But do not let her see you.
You might upon a homeward mile
Respectfully salute us,
And—mind me well—cheer us awhile,
Should we find no arbutus.

Edward W. Barnard.

IN DOUBT.

"I can't say that I like Paynter's pictures. Perhaps it 's because I don't appreciate them."

"I don't know. It 's either because you don't appreciate them or because you do!"



ITS CAPACITY.

Little Clarence.—Pa, what is a volcano?

Mr. Callipers.—A volcano, my son, is a cramped and feverish mountain which belches forth fire, smoke, lava, statistics, adjectives and "copy" for the magazines, for two years or more after the first eruption, and beggars description every time it is described.

A GIVE-AWAY.

Jaggles.—Do you think there 's anything in palmistry?

Waggles.—Sure! Gayboy has a double life line in his hand.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING.

Jaggles.—Has old Rocksey picked out the college he 's going to give all his money to?

Waggles.—No. They offered to confer an A. M. upon him, but he is holding out for an LL. D.

HIS HABITUAL RETICENCE.

Reporter *(in vestibule)*.—Is it true that Mr. Gotrox has just died?

Butler *(cautiously)*.—It is; but he has nothing to say for publication.

SARCASM.

"The editor of the *Weekly Agitator* is a sarcastic cuss!" said honest Farmer Bentover, in the midst of his perusal of the village newspaper. "He begins an editorial with the statement that a word to the wise is sufficient, and then continues for a column and three-quarters."

NO OPTION ADMISSIBLE.

Jill.—Why do so many little men marry big women?

Jack.—Oh! The big women marry the little men.

IT HAD WORRIED HER.

Mrs. Chatterton.—Bridget, that pitcher you broke this morning belonged to my great grandmother.

Bridget *(relieved)*.—Well, Oi 'm glad ov thot! Sure, Oi was afroid it was somethin' yez had just bought lately.

A lack of interest in affairs that are none of your business robs life of much of its zest.

AN AMICABLE TRANSACTION.

"I'M SORRY to disturb you," said the gentleman burglar. "I trust you'll keep quiet while I remove the valuables."

And he smiled pleasantly as he leveled a cocked revolver at his victim.

"Why, certainly!" said the latter, with equal affability. "Perhaps you'll permit me to facilitate the proceedings by giving you some information that may save time and hasten your departure. There is very little cash in the house—only eleven dollars, as it happens—not a cent more, on my word as a gentleman!—and you'll find it in that pocket-book. But the silverware is worth taking and there is some valuable bric-à-brac. If you have n't room for all of it in your bag, I shall be happy to point out what is best worth taking. You may rely on my judgment and I assure you that my advice will be entirely disinterested."

"You're very kind, I'm sure," said the burglar. "I shall be glad to hear what you have to say, although I shall reserve the privilege of rejecting your advice if it should not coincide with my own opinion. And, as I can't quite understand your motives, you'll excuse me for keeping this revolver pointed at you while we make the rounds."

"By all means," said the victim. "I should prefer to have it so. Whatever I do in this matter I wish to do under compulsion. I yield gracefully to the inevitable. Your revolver, I trust, is loaded?"

"Of course."

"Good! So much less likely to be discharged."

And he helped the burglar to select the desired articles.

"And now," said the victim, "if you don't mind, I should like to make an inventory of these things. It won't take very long."

"The fact is," said the burglar, "I'm rather in a hurry. And I must confess that I'm of a suspicious nature. We can't help our dispositions! I find it impossible to rid myself of the lurking thought that there may be a trap."

"Not at all," said the victim. "Perhaps I should have explained sooner. Pardon me for having thoughtlessly prolonged your uneasiness. The fact is, I'm insured against burglary—over-insured, between you and me—so that this little affair is n't costing me a cent. But an inventory would assist me in proving my loss. So, if you don't mind—"

"Of course, I don't mind!" said the burglar, warmly.

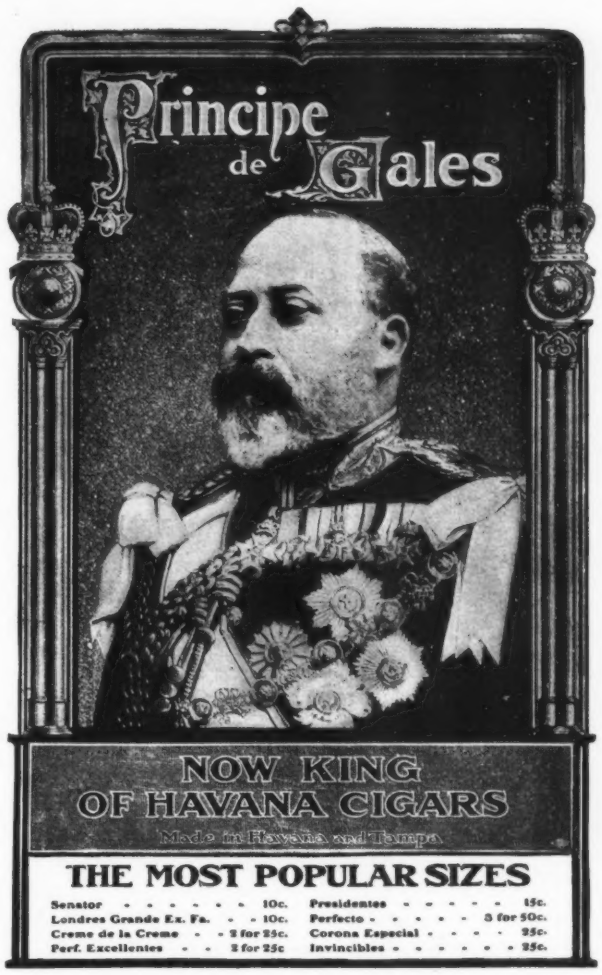
And he called off the names of the articles while the owner made a memorandum.

"That's all, I believe?" said the burglar, when the catalogue was finished. "Good-night and pleasant dreams!"

Wm. E. McKenna.

COMPETITION.

SHE.—Yes; it must be hard for a blind man to get along.
HE.—Indeed, it is, Miss. There's an awful lot of us in the business.



A HORSE-TRADE.

"Better make this trade on my terms, Si," the first farmer urged. "It's a bargain."

"No, siree!" replied the other. "I want somethin' to boot."

"Waal, b'gosh! you'll have somethin' to boot ef ye don't make the trade. Ye'll want ter kick yerself."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Now, Hiram Simpson, did you meet any bunco man while you was in th' city?"

"I did, Samantha; an' worse."

"Worse! Why, Hiram Simpson?"

"Thet's what I did. I called a policeman an' he took what th' other gentleman fergot."—*Baltimore News.*

SHORTLY after a married woman inherits money from her kin her husband embarks on some new business enterprise.—*Atchison Globe.*

"I GUESS those Chinese actors don't have much difficulty in remembering when to go on the stage."

"Why so?"

"Oh! They always carry their cue around with 'em."—*Columbia Jester.*

No better Turkish Cigarette can be made

Egyptian Deities

Cork Tips as well

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

NOTHING cools the church like a hot scolding from the desk.—*Ram's Horn.*

EVERYONE ASKS "HOW FAR?"

THE Veeder ODOMETER

TELLS THE DISTANCE EXACTLY

MOST leading manufacturers recognize the value of the Veeder Odometer and fit it on your vehicle, so that you get it free. The maker who fits a Veeder guarantees his car. He is not afraid of the record it will make. Made in all wheel sizes for everything that uses the road, automobile, horse or cycle. In ordering state diameter of wheel. *Prices, $3.50 to $7. 24-page Booklet Free.* VEEDER MFG. CO., 16 Sargeant Street, Hartford, Conn. Makers of Cyclometers, Odometers, Tachometers, Counters and Fine Castings.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble, it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in PUCK.

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

for After Shaving.

Insist that your barber uses Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will PREVENT any of the many skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. *Sample Free.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

lasts; it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

NOT MUMPS.

"Suffering toothache! But that man must have an awful case of mumps!"

"You 're wrong. That man, sir, is a victim of modern institutions. He has just been jostled out of the quick lunch-room by the crowd, with his mouth full of sandwich."—*Baltimore News.*

A COMPLEXITY.

This earth is full of fuel,
Of that there is no doubt;
The only difficulty is
The digging of it out.

But that 's a difficulty,
Alas! that never ends,
With some declaring strikes and some
Declaring dividends.
—*Washington Star.*

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

AN old Scotch farmer being elected a member of the school board visited the school and tested the intelligence of the class by his questions. His first inquiry was:

"Noo, boys, can ony o' you tell me what 'naething' is?"

After a moment's silence a small boy in a back seat arose and replied:

"It 's what ye gie me t'other day for haudin' yer horse!"—*Ram's Horn.*

WAYS AND MEANS.

"And Subbubs is still struggling with the problem how to keep a cook?"

"Yes. He thinks of offering a pension to any one who will stay three months."

Health of body and strength of mind are represented in Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—the best known tonic for blood and nerves. All druggists.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee, Jest and youthful Jollity."—Milton: and a bottle of *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.*

Harper Rye

"On Every Tongue."

Scientifically distilled; naturally aged; best and safest for all uses. Famous all over the world and sold by leading dealers everywhere.

BERNHEIM BROS., Distillers, - - Louisville, Ky.

A Perfect Stimulant

The perfection of an alcoholic stimulant is found in the thorough aging, the purity, the rich, rare flavor, and in all the superb quality of

Hunter Baltimore Rye

It Gratifies And Always Satisfies

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers. WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

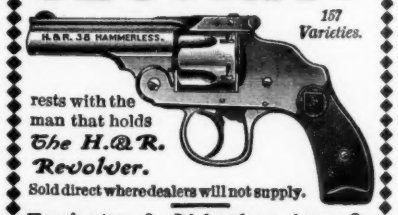
Dr. Deimel (LINEN-MESH) Underwear

The best that money can buy.

For Sale by Leading Dealers Everywhere

SECURITY

157 Varieties.



rests with the man that holds *The H.&R. Revolver.*

Sold direct where dealers will not supply.

Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.

Makers of H. & R. Single Guns.

Catalog for Postal. Dept. 8 Worcester, Mass.

EXCUSE THIS ONE.

"You were late at the debutantes' ball last night."

"Yes; I was just going in as they were all coming out."—*Baltimore News.*

"I HAD great luck coming home in the trolley-car last night."

"You did n't really get a seat?"

"Oh my, no! But I had a half interest in a strap nearly all the way."—*Philadelphia Press.*

CHURCH.—When they introduced that Flatiron Building in New York they forgot something.

GOTHAM.—What 's that?

CHURCH.—The cyclone cellars.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Best Line to Cincinnati and St. Louis—New York Central.

A bottle of Pabst Blue Ribbon

The purest and most widely known brand of beer in use.

Millions of bottles annually consumed by an appreciative and critical public in every part of the civilized world.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

The Cup that Cheers

is the cup that contains WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP.

A comfortable man is usually a cheerful man.

The thick, delicate, creamy lather of WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP has such a soothing, refreshing, comforting effect that the cup that contains it always cheers, and the man who uses it is bound to be cheered by it.

Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25c. **Williams' Glycerated Tar (Toilet) Soap, 10c.**
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap (Rd. or Sq.), 10c. **Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25c.**
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet.

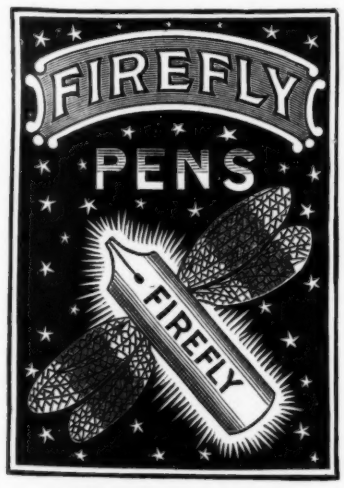
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.

LONDON, PARIS, DRESDEN, SYDNEY.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

-MADE AT KEY WEST-



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FIREFLY PENS are made of a new incorrodible metal—flexible as gold.

THEY GIVE CHARACTER TO ONE'S WRITING.

MANUFACTURED BY

ORMISTON & GLASS, LONDON.

CONTRACTORS TO H. M. GOVERNMENT.

Boxes **25 cts.** *and* **$1.00**, *from all Stationers.*

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William St., N. Y.

SOLE AGENTS FOR UNITED STATES.

AT THE TRACK.

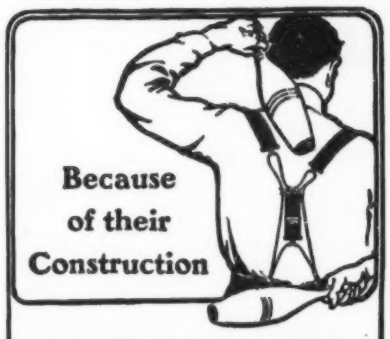
SHE.—He has an excellent record, has n't he?
HE.—Yes. Too bad he 's always so far behind it!

Brain and brawn benefited with a tonic which aids digestion—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, are noted for their digestive properties. All druggists.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street. } NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.



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PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

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Any shop or by mail prepaid
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MORPHINE and LIQUOR HABITS CURED. Thousands having failed elsewhere have been cured by us.
Write The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. I. I., Lebanon, Ohio.

Schlitz

Over a Million Barrels a Year

Those are sales of Schlitz Beer making it the leader of all Milwaukee beers, by far.

That's a result of maintaining absolute purity.

We doubled the necessary cost of our brewing to have Schlitz Beer right.

The Result Is
A Million Barrels a Year

We have used the best materials—the finest barley—paid as high as twice what we need pay for hops.

We bored six wells to rock to get pure water.

We kept our brewing as clean as your cooking.

The Result Is
A Million Barrels a Year

We filtered all the air that touched the beer.

We filtered the beer through white wood pulp.

We aged it until it could not cause biliousness.

We sterilized every bottle after it was sealed.

The Result Is
A Million Barrels a Year

Isn't Schlitz Beer—pure beer—worth asking for, when the cost is the same as of common beer?

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

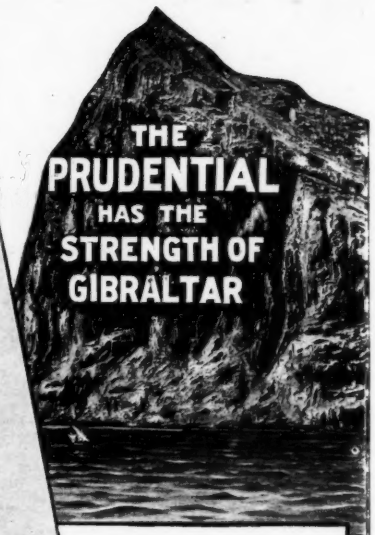
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Are You Looking

for a Safe Investment? Something yielding a good return, yet out of the field of speculation? If so the

Guaranteed 5% 20 Year Endowment Bond

is what you want. These Bonds insure your life and are sold to you on instalments.



Write for particulars, Dept. P.

THE PRUDENTIAL

Insurance Company of America

HOME OFFICE:
NEWARK, N. J.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

IN DUE TIME.

"Sure, Murphy was wrong, an' he knowed he was wrong an' he owned up loike a little mon."

"Did he, now?"

"Yis; but he licked the other mon fir-rst!"

THEY tell of an Atchison singer who sang at his father's funeral.—*Atchison Globe.*

A delightful hygienic liqueur, distilled from the aromatic and strengthening herbs of the tropics, is Dr. Siegert's world-renowned Angostura Bitters. Ask your dealer for Dr. Siegert's, and refuse domestic imitations.

Bunner's Short Stories.

SHORT SIXES.
THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.
MADE IN FRANCE.
MORE SHORT SIXES.
THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

Five Volumes, in Paper, $2.50
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"The embodiment of tone and art."

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Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

will sell account the National Conference of Charities and Correction, Atlanta, Ga., May 6th to 12th, excursion tickets to Atlanta at reduced rates, good going May 3rd and 4th and good returning to reach original starting point by May 16th.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

McILHENNY'S *Tabasco Sauce*

YOUR SOUP, FISH, OYSTERS, LOBSTERS, etc., will be vastly improved if seasoned with McILHENNY'S *Tabasco Sauce*

Gives a keen appetite. Stimulates digestion. At all dealers. Free Booklet with new recipes.

McILHENNY'S TABASCO, NEW IBERIA, LA.

Natural Whiskey

BOTTLED IN BOND

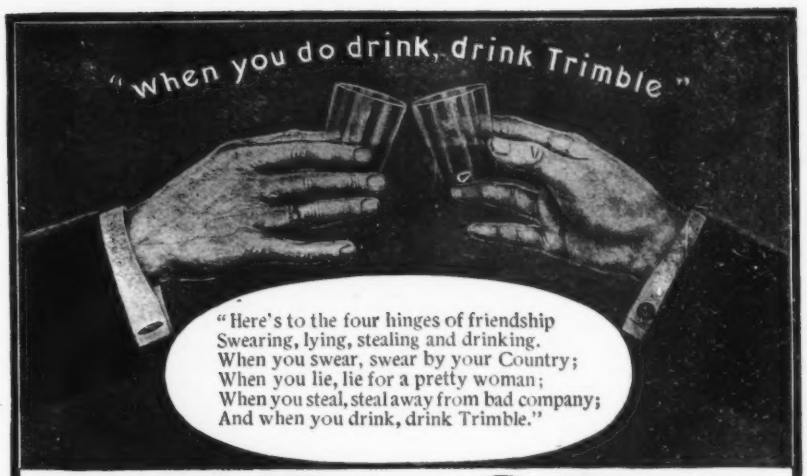
Bottled under Government supervision direct from the barrel at the Distillery with its natural flavor, nothing added to or taken from it.

Old Overholt Rye

The Act of Congress, March 3, 1897, provides that date of making and of bottling whiskey shall be plainly printed on the Government Stamp that seals the bottle. It also prohibits bottling whiskey less than four years old and provides that all bottles must be full measure.

Ask your Dealer—or write us—

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
PITTSBURG, PA.



A pure rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

Trimble Whiskey Green Label.

Sole Proprietors, WHITE, HENTZ & CO., Phila. & New York. ESTABLISHED 1793.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

HOW IT LOOKED.

DAUGHTER.—Ferdy says he puts half his salary into the bank every week and never takes a cent out!

FATHER.—Huh! He must be putting it into a faro bank!

There's a striking difference between ordinary ale and the delicious blending of the fragrant hop contained in every bottle of

Evans' Ale

There you find ale in its best and most enjoyable form. The difference is not alone in the ingredients—there's the brewing and bottling as well.

All Dealers and Restaurants.

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Men's Furnishings.

Novelties in Men's Neckwear.

CRAVATS—Graduated Ties of Lawn, Dimity, or Barathea.
ENGLISH SQUARES—White, Grey, Light Tones, or Black Chestwick, Flowing Ends, Four-in-Hand, &c.
Shirts to Order or Finished to Wear.
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UNCLE REUBEN SAYS:

Ize heard heaps o' men declar' dat dere was no hereafter, an' yit when cheated out o' twenty-five cents dey consoled deirselves wid de refleckshun dat de cheater would bring up in de red-hot place when he died.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CYNIC STATESMAN.

"What did you think of my speech?" said the aspiring young orator.

"Not bad," said the cold man of experience.

"I devoted a great deal of thought to it."

"Yes; that 's a mistake young men are apt to make. You put thoughts into your speeches instead of telling the audience stories."—*Washington Star.*

NO WONDER.

"One of New York's policemen has been adjudged insane."

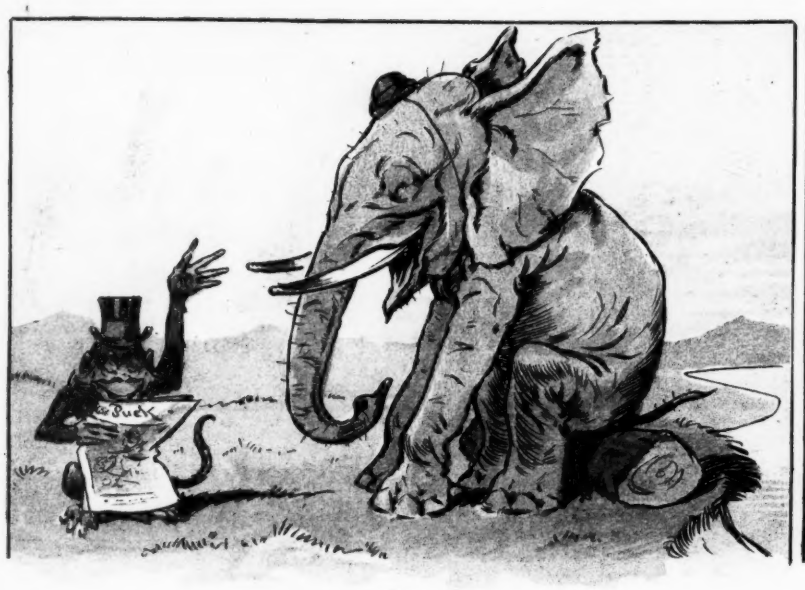
"What was his leading symptom?"

"He wanted to resign from the force before he could get rich."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

AN EXCEPTION.

"You know," said the woman suffragist, "they say 'the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.'"

"Ridiculous!" cried Henpeck. "I 'm sure my hand don't rule the world."—*Philadelphia Press.*



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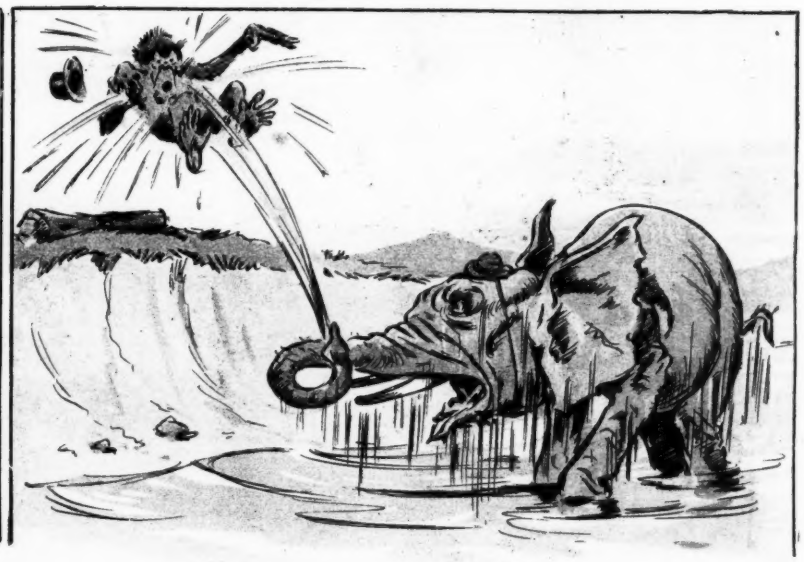

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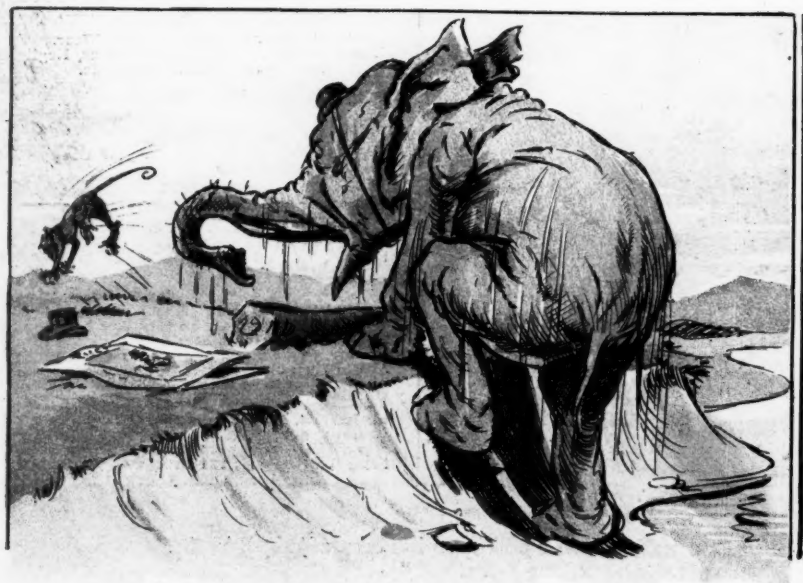

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VI.

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LAUGH AND GET WET.